
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SEPTEMBER, 1817.

MISS MARIA FOOTE.

AMONG the numerous candidates for histrionic fame, who are distinguished for their personal attractions, native worth, and rare perfections, we can never be at a loss for subjects to present our readers; for as "alps on alps arise" in endless succession to cheat the deluded senses; so the fairest forms and most perfect beings are ever appearing, exciting our admiration, and calling forth our praise, as others fade away! Though the delighted spectator take no less pleasure in viewing the brilliancy of flowers which he knows must soon perish, it is useful to recall the succession of fleeting objects; and, for a moment, to meditate on their melancholy destiny, which, however brilliant while it lasts, terminates in the same way!—We would not damp the ardour of youthful pursuits, nor consign it prematurely to the tomb; this preliminary reflection is but an expression of unavailing regret, unusual on these occasions, which we may surely be sometimes allowed to indulge in; it can have no ill effect on those to whom it is addressed; and will be preferred, by those whose opinion we most value, to fulsome compliment and unmeaning praise.

The fair subject of our Biography, whose Portrait adorns the present Number, is Miss Maria Foote, of the Covent-Garden Theatre, who is the daughter of Mr. Foote, a native of Hampshire, by a lady of fortune, whom he married in 1797. Mr. Foote for many years held a commission in the army; at first, in the Hampshire Militia, afterwards in a regiment of the line, and during the late war, he organized and served in a corps of Gentlemen and Yeomanry Cavalry, in Devon, and commanded the Grenadier Company of the Royal Cornwall Regiment. In the mean time, being of an active turn of mind, he became manager of the Plymouth Theatre, of which he was put in possession by his friend General Orlando Manly, and performed many principal characters with applause. This stroke of fortune determined them to pursue a profession that promised them collectively more reward than any other; and accordingly we find that Mrs. Foote about this time was induced to make a first essay for a charitable benefit at a watering-place, where Mr. Foote's regiment was then quartered; on this occasion, she was well received, and discovered abilities that only required culture to rank high. Mr. Foote, therefore, without further delay, resumed the management of the Plymouth Theatre, entrusted to another, for the purpose of introducing his wife and daughter in a range of leading characters; and many comic parts, of the light and playful kind, were sustained by Mrs. Foote with considerable ability.

Miss Foote made her *debut* at the Plymouth Theatre, at the early age of twelve, in the character of Juliet; and continued to personate a variety of parts, very unusual for a youthful performer, but well calculated to develope her powers, and fix her choice at a more mature period; at one time, she appeared in Rosina, and displayed so much musical science and taste in the most difficult songs, as to be frequently encored; at others, in the juvenile heroines of ballets; and so on from tragedy to comedy, ballets, and operas; and was received in all with applause, and increasing reputation. On her own particular nights, the town

testified their regard and approbation by a full and fashionable attendance.

In the Summer of 1813, Mrs. and Miss Foote took leave of their Plymouth friends in a Farewell Address; and the May following, in 1814, Miss Foote appeared for the first time in Amantis, in *The Child of Nature*, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, and delineated the character in so naïve, so delicate, and chaste, a manner, as to be highly applauded; and immediately after regularly engaged. Miss Foote's progress in the profession since has been marked by improvement in each succeeding stage; and while the audience have been forward in bestowing applause, the critics of the day have not been backward in joining their just meed of praise. Among the characters in which she has been more eminently successful may be noticed *Emily Tempest*, in the *Wheel of Fortune*, *Lucille*, in the *Forest of Bondy*, *Ulrica*, in the *King and the Duke*, and *Miranda*, in the *Tempest*; the last, perhaps, is the best of her performances; and exhibits those delicate touches of nature, feeling, and discrimination, that cannot fail to affect and interest an audience. In fine, we have pleasure in saying, that she promises to stand one of the first and foremost in the drama.

PRIDE.

IN contemplating this passion, it may be remarked, that mankind bear no good-will to each other. Earnestly looking at each other is intolerable, and, among our superiors, we cast down our eyes. Man is a vain animal, and employs the little talent of which he is possessed in finding out his neighbour's faults. As eyes are the windows from which our ideas within are discovered, we are cautious of letting persons survey us too nearly; a consciousness of foibles is the cause of this, and we think, that he who looks at us for a time is meditating on our faults.

MOTHERLESS MARY;

A TALE.

(Concluded from page 68.)

CHAP. VI.

CAPTAIN MORLEY was with Lady Margaret when Mary arrived; he instantly ran down, and assisted her to alight. "Remember, Miss Powel," said he, as they ascended the staircase, "you will not be considered as a domestic in *this* house, but as the companion and *protégée* of my mother." Lady Margaret received Mary with polite affability, and, after a few common-place topics, said, "I promise myself much comfort in your society, Miss Powel; for though, as you see, a young woman, by having a husband so much my senior, I am considered quite the old lady, and am almost shunned by females of my own age; if it were not for the attentions of this gallant youth, I should really think it time to wear close caps and spectacles; but jesting apart, I do wish for a rational companion, as I am too young to give up all the elegancies of life, and too matronly to enter into all its frivolities; now, by Edward's account, we shall be extremely well suited." Mary replied, that she hoped it would be in her power to justify Captain Morley's recommendation: and the remainder of the day was passed agreeably to all parties.

Mary did not see Mr. Morley for several days, as he was absent inspecting some of his estates; when he returned, Lady Margaret was anxious for him to see her young friend, and being in her dressing-room when he returned, immediately sent for him. "I have increased your family during your absence, Mr. Morley," said she, after their first salutation. "Indeed, that is an honour I have long ceased to

hope for," he returned, gaily. "Nay, now I want none of your sarcasms," she replied; "I have indeed got a fine grown-up girl to present to you; but here she comes." Mary opened the door, but was retiring with a half-uttered apology, when Lady Margaret called her back, and presented her to Mr. Morley, who regarded her attentively, and seemed not displeased with her appearance. From that time, Mary found her residence in the family perfectly agreeable, for every member of it treated her with the utmost kindness and consideration. Lady Margaret insisted on her appearing in all her parties, and to make her appearance consistent, made her several valuable presents. From Captain Morley, Mary learnt, that he had satisfied Mrs. Bouverie respecting her conduct; and that Bouverie was so much disgusted with Charlotte in consequence, that he had terminated his visit without ceremony, and formally declined the honour of an alliance with the lady. "I am truly glad of it," he continued; "for I respect and esteem him too much to wish to see him tied to such an unworthy object; he could never be happy with her, I am certain, even if he felt no preference for any other." Mary averted her head, that he might not read what was passing in her thoughts, but he gave a pretty near guess, and soon contrived to change the subject.

One morning, Lady Margaret requested Mary to copy some music for her, she accordingly got her writing implements, and sat down to obey her; while she was thus employed, Mr. Morley entered, and sat down in an opposite chair; after looking at the piece, his eyes fell on the writing-box, he started, and hastily exclaimed, "Good God! Miss Powel, where did you get that box?" Surprised by the suddenness and manner in which he asked the question, Mary faltered out, "I believe, sir, it belonged to my mother, but I am not quite sure." "What do you mean, child? Cannot you be certain?" "I am, almost, sir, but I may be mistaken." She then repeated how she had met with it at Mrs. Williams', and in further explanation, necessarily detailed some of the incidents of

her past life. Mr. Morley appeared greatly agitated during the recital, and when she concluded, said, "It is an extraordinary coincidence; surely it must be so. Have you no other memorial of your family, Mary?" "None but this ring, sir, which my poor mother wore to the day of her death." And she took the ring already mentioned from her finger. Mr. Morley examined it carefully, then holding out his hand to her, said, "I shall surprise you, Mary, but I hope agreeably, when I declare myself—your father!" Mary, overcome with astonishment and emotion, could make no reply, but fell into his extended arms! Perceiving that she had fainted, he rang the bell with violence, when Lady Margaret rushed into the room. "For mercy's sake, what is the matter, Mr. Morley? Mary here too! What is all this?" cried she, looking from one to the other in dismay. Mr. Morley smiled, but his smile was mixed with tears of tenderness and joy. "Suspend your judgment, my dear Margaret, till we have recovered this poor girl." "What ails her, Mr. Morley?" "I cannot enter upon a long story now; but to satisfy your jealous fears, my dear, I will confess, that I have been embracing—my daughter! the child of that Mary you have heard me speak of." "What! of Edward's mother? You surprise me!" As soon as Mary was perfectly recovered, Mr. Morley entered upon the desired explanation. "My conduct towards your mother," said he, addressing Mary, "though culpable in the extreme, was not so base as you may have been led to imagine. I am sorry to say, she owed most of her sufferings to the vindictive spirit of my father. Your mother, who was a Bouverie, married me in opposition to the wishes of her family, who, in consequence, cast her off for ever. The increasing expences of a young family, and my own imprudence, so impaired my scanty finances, that I was forced to apply to my father; he promised me, if I would go abroad for a few years, he would provide for my children, and take care of my wife; but this promise, I afterwards found, he fulfilled only as far as regarded my two boys, directing my poor Mary to apply to her own proud parents for the assistance

she required for herself and infant. Such an application, she knew to be unavailing; she therefore continued to suffer in silence, and, as I have since found all my letters among my father's papers, conclude he must purposely have kept them back, as I unguardedly sent them under cover to him. I had not been in India above three years, when I received the account of her death, and that of the infant, Mary, which must, however, have been a deception of my father's, to conceal his own cruel neglect of my wife and child, of whose fate he was doubtless better informed. This is all I have to tell you concerning my first marriage; for my second, Lady Margaret will, I am sure, prove herself a sufficient apology, if an apology is considered necessary by the daughter of her I once loved with ardour, though perhaps not with sufficient constancy." "I can assure you, Mary," said Lady Margaret, with warmth, "Mr. Morley always did justice to the merit of your mother, and regretted her death with the feeling of a man who felt he had not done all the justice to an amiable woman which she deserved. So you must not hate me for having crept into the vacant corner of his heart." "I cannot hate you, madam," replied Mary, "or envy you a happiness you are so eminently worthy of; I knew but little of my poor mother, that little entitles her to my tender remembrance; you, Lady Margaret, have new and powerful claims on my love and gratitude." "You are a good and generous-hearted girl," said Morley, leading her to his wife, who affectionately embraced her. "I am a fortunate one, I am sure," said Mary, taking a hand of each; "this discovery has set my mind at ease on a subject you cannot at present guess; but I will reveal all to you, Lady Margaret." "Ah! you allude to Edward, I know," she replied, smiling, "I have nothing to blame you for on that head; but we will call him to the conference, and sober his senses a little by this discovery."

Captain Morley, when first made acquainted with the discovery, knew not whether to rejoice, or be sad; but his spirits soon recovered their wonted tone; and he hastened

to his friend Bouverie, who had not yet paid a visit to Manchester-street.

"Congratulate me, my dear fellow," said he; "it is lucky you never popped your head in to spoil my chance; I have just drawn from the sweet Mary an acknowledgement that she loves me." "Indeed!" replied Bouverie, while a sudden gloom overspread his fine expressive countenance. "Has Mary confessed her sentiments so soon?" "Why should you doubt it? I am sure, I have left no means untried to win her." "I hope, sir, you have not been so base as to take any advantage of her defenceless situation." "You seem angry, Horatio; I trust I have not anticipated any of your projects; I assure you, I was not aware of your having any designs upon the girl." "I never harboured any designs inimical to her honour, Mr. Morley." "Why surely you did not care seriously for her, Bouverie?" "Whatever my sentiments may be, sir, I am not amenable to you." "Perhaps I may be of a different opinion, Mr. Bouverie; Mary will soon bear my name; consequently, I am not so indifferent as to the sentiments of other men as you may probably imagine." "I beg your pardon, Edward, I have been too impetuous, my feelings are not always under proper controul." "You certainly have displayed considerable warmth of feeling on this subject," replied Morley, laughing; "but come, Bouverie, let you and I understand each other; we have hitherto been friends, I hope we shall never become rivals." "You need not fear it," returned Bouverie, extending his hand; "if you have honourably won the affections of Mary, I wish you happiness; far be it from me to interrupt it, though I will not deny that I felt a tender preference for her." "Candidly acknowledged," replied Morley; "but you would not have played the fool, and married her?" "You cannot laugh at me when I own, that I would; it was my intention, as soon as I could with propriety, to ascertain her sentiments; and, if they were such as I hoped, to have made her an offer of my hand; but you have saved me the pain and mortification of a rejection." Morley burst into a loud

laugh. "Fairly caught!" cried he, clapping his hands, while Bouverie stared at him in speechless amazement. "Well, my dear Bouverie, you may go and make proposals as soon as you please; for now, to let you into the whole mystery at once, Mary is—my sister!" Bouverie could scarcely believe but that this was a new trick of his volatile friend, until fully informed of all the particulars; he then expressed his joy in animated terms, and soon drew from Morley satisfactory hints that Mary regarded him with partiality.

Mr. Morley, happy in finding such an eligible match for his daughter, readily permitted him to address her, and Mary listened to his proposals with that delicacy and candour which had ever distinguished her character; while in secret, she blessed Providence, which had thus wonderfully made the artifice of one who wished to work her ruin, prove the very means of exalting her to happiness and distinction.

Charlotte Bouverie heard of her good fortune with an envy that she strove not to conceal, and determining to let the world see, that she could get a husband if she pleased, formed a hasty and imprudent connection with a man of extravagant habits and unprincipled morals; the consequence was such as might be expected from such a union; he strove to repair his shattered finances by an appeal to Doctors' Commons; pocketed the penalty of iniquity, and left his wife to linger out the remnant of her wretched existence in poverty and infamy!

Mrs. Bouverie, deeply afflicted by her daughter's disgrace, found consolation only in the grateful and soothing attentions of Mary, who, when she gave her hand to Bouverie, and took possession of that mansion as mistress which she had once entered a poor dependant orphan, insisted on her former benefactress residing with her, and allotted to her use a spacious suite of apartments, and a few select servants, which, by being entirely at her command, would take off any degree of restraint which she might possibly feel in her present change of circumstances; for, to assist her unwor-

thy child, Mrs. Bouverie had parted with her house in Portman-square, and deprived herself of every thing but a scanty maintenance.

The day on which Bouverie came of age was a joyful day to his tenants and domestics; for Mary, having once known the bitters of adversity, considered it her duty to assist, as far as was in her power, the distresses of others; therefore, they were never disregarded by her, nor did the friendless orphan ever go from her door unrelieved. As moderate and unassuming in affluence, as she had been humble and forbearing in indigence, her virtues shone the more conspicuous by being placed in a stronger light; and Bouverie had every reason to exult in the disinterestedness of his choice, in having overlooked the distinction of wealth, and bestowed his affections upon Motherless Mary.

E. T.

PREJUDICE AND OBSTINACY.

THOUGH prejudice and obstinacy are very bad qualities, yet are they maladies too frequently incident to the human mind. M. Pietre, an excellent physician, used to relate of a lady who complained to him of sore eyes, that he prescribed washing them every morning with lukewarm water. After a few days, the lady sent to him to desire another prescription, as that was unsuccessful. M. Pietre took some water out of the fountain of St. Avoir just by his lodgings; and sealing the phial quite carefully, sent it to the lady; and a few days after called on her. "I am quite cured, Doctor; you see I was right in objecting to common water." "Well, madam," replied the Doctor, smiling, "I am glad you are cured; but the water came from the fountain of St. Avoir." The lady found that she was in a dilemma; and that she could not deny but that she was more fanciful than sick.

LIVES OF CELEBRATED WOMEN

OF THE

Eighteenth Century.

MADAM DE LA FAYETTE.

MARIA ADRIEN FRANCES, daughter of the Duke of Noailles d'Ayen and of Maria Henrietta d'Aguesseau, was born the 2d of November, 1759, and married in 1774 to the Marquis de La Fayette, when only seventeen years of age; her husband soon after went to America, and placed himself under the command of the illustrious Washington. The departure of the Marquis de La Fayette gave offence to the French court, who were afraid that the support they were secretly giving the Americans should be discovered, and would expose them to England; and a part of M. de La Fayette's family reproached him bitterly for deserting his young wife. Madam de La Fayette disguised the sorrow that she felt for the absence of her husband; and rather preferred being accused of indifference than do him an injury.

At the period that Franklin, in consequence of the treaty concluded with France, came to the court of Versailles, accompanied by several American citizens, this illustrious old man, with his retinue, waited on the wife of the young French general, whom the United States already ranked in the number of her heroes; and Madam de La Fayette, charged with the management of her husband's house and fortune, exercised an enlightened munificence. In 1785, she eagerly adopted a plan for gradually emancipating a number of negro slaves upon a settlement purchased for that purpose; the management of which was entirely confided to her. After the 10th of August, 1792, she wrote to one of the chiefs of the triumphant party, and protested against

the confiscation of the blacks bought at Cayen, in order to restore them to liberty, but to no purpose, for they were sold as slaves.

Before the disastrous revolution, Madam de La Fayette a long time enjoyed the military and civil success of a husband whom she loved with an affection at once passionate, delicate, and generous. Although attached to the principles of her husband, she did not on that account evince less disposition to be serviceable to persons of opposite opinions; and weighed, with true greatness of soul, the offences directed even against the first object of her affection. She had a noble mind, and was devoted to patriotism: her piety, freed from the spirit of intolerance, confirmed against all kinds of prepossession, and determined by the duties and conveniences of her situation, was always allied to the most extended principles of religious liberty, and to the rare merit of acknowledging and loving virtue in persons who profess not the same doctrines as herself. Madam de La Fayette kindly received, in 1785, the protestant ministers, who came, supported by her husband, to claim their civil rank. During the quarrels which arose in 1790, between the sworn and the unsworn priests, Madam de La Fayette continued her correspondence with the first, and remained constantly faithful to the principles of the latter, notwithstanding the kind of popular disfavour attached to these opinions. At the time of the proscription of her husband, Madam de La Fayette lived with her family at her estate in Auvergn. The established government, on the 10th of August, caused her to be arrested, and sent to Paris: conducted at first to Puy, where her eldest daughter and an aunt, seventy years of age, followed her, she produced so strong an impression upon the directory of the department by the serenity of her countenance, and the mild firmness of her words, that the directory dared to disobey the order of government in her favour. Some months after, she was incarcerated, by a general measure, in the chief manor-house of the district; from whence, by a private order of the Convention, she was conducted to the prisons

in Paris. Among all the women who were then distinguished for their courage, Madam de La Fayette holds the first rank. Ever the friend of a wise liberty founded upon the laws, she knew, by invoking its principles, how to make the madmen who profaned them, blush. The accusation of Fayetteism soon became a death-warrant. The friends of Madam de La Fayette persuaded her to change her name; but she would not comply; and never wrote a single claim without beginning it with these words—*The wife of La Fayette*. Madam d'Ayen, her venerable mother, Madam de Noailles, her beloved sister, and the wife of the Marshal de Noailles, her grandmother, perished upon the same scaffold. Her uncle, the Marshal de Mouchi, and his wife, had preceded them. The dearest friends of Madam de La Fayette paid with their lives for their patriotic opposition to anarchical despotism. Madam de La Fayette expected to die, and in her testament expressed her wishes for the happiness of her country. The revolution of the 9th thermidor preceded five days that intended for her execution; and saved her head from the axe of the butchers; but she remained six months in prison, after all her companions in misfortune had recovered their liberty, and was confounded with those bloody men whom all France accused; and who, from oppressors, appeared in turn oppressed.

The virtues of Madam de La Fayette inspired the most violent men of all parties with equal veneration. As soon as she had obtained her liberty, she sent her young son to General Washington, that he might be a father to him; and was eager to go with her daughters to find her husband again, who was detained in a foreign prison. She landed at Altona the 9th September, 1795, departed for Vienna with an American passport, obtained an audience of the emperor, and solicited the liberty of her husband, or permission to share his captivity. *With respect to the liberty of General La Fayette, answered the emperor, it is a complicated affair in which my hands are tied.* Madam de La Fayette, attending only to her conjugal affection, joyfully ran to shut herself up in the sad sojourn in which her husband was languishing.

Whilst the finest years of her life were consuming in the dungeon of an Austrian prison, the world, from whose admiration she shrank with the most timid apprehensions, justly resounded with her praise, pronounced in the House of Commons by General Fitz-Patrick. "By the grace of God, General de La Fayette is possessed of a wife who is a model of heroism, and every virtue that adorns the sex, whose name will be revered as long as exalted virtue shall command respect, and unmerited affliction inspire compassion in the hearts of men."

Sixteen months' incarceration in France and her frightful affliction had much impaired the health of Madam de La Fayette, who, threatened with the near approach of death, thought, if useful to her family, she ought to take some steps to preserve her life, and prayed the emperor "to permit her to pass eight days in Vienna, to breathe the salubrious air, and to consult a physician." Her letter remained two months unanswered; at last, the commanding officer signified the prohibition of her ever appearing in Vienna, and offered her leave to quit the prison, on condition of her never entering it again.

"I owe it to my family and friends to solicit the assistance necessary for my health; but they well know that I myself do not attach a value to it on my own account. I cannot forget that, whilst we were near perishing, I by the tyranny of Robespierre, and my husband by the physical and moral sufferings of his captivity, I was not permitted to obtain intelligence of him, nor to inform him, that his children and I were still alive; and I will not expose myself to the horror of another separation. Whatever then may be the state of my health, and the inconvenience of this abode to my daughter, we will with gratitude profit by the kindness that his Imperial Majesty has shewn us, in permitting us to be, in every respect, participators of his imprisonment." From this moment, Madam de La Fayette never made another request.

The victories and negotiations of the French republic, and particularly those of General Bonaparte, put an end to

the severity of the coalition of kings. M. de La Fayette recovered his liberty; and he and his wife at last entered France again, and fixed their residence at the castle of la Grange, his maternal inheritance, situated twelve leagues from Paris. In this peaceful retreat, she entirely devoted herself to domestic duties, the exercise of piety, and the practice of good works. The indigent, the aged, and infirm, always found a refuge in Madam de La Fayette. She was not satisfied with consoling the misery that she chanced to see, but went, sought every place in which it was concealed, and her liberal hand was pleased to distribute gifts in secret. After a long illness, which she supported with firmness and resignation, Madam de la Fayette terminated her career on the 24th December, 1807. "She died, surrounded by her numerous family, who in vain addressed their ardent prayers to heaven for her preservation. She could no longer speak, but still smiled at the sight of her husband and his children, who moistened her bed, face, and hands, with their tears. Faithful to her duty, they were her only pleasure. Adorned with every virtue, pious, modest, charitable, severe to herself, indulgent to others, she was of the small number of persons whose pure reputation received fresh lustre from the disasters of the revolution. Ruined by its tempests, she scarcely appeared to recollect, that she had enjoyed a large fortune. She made her family happy, was the support of the poor, the consolation of the afflicted, an ornament to her country, and an honour to her sex*."

VOLTAIRE

SAYS, When we read for instruction, we remark every thing that had escaped us when we merely read with our eyes.

* Journal of the Empire, of the 26th December, 1816. History of the principal Events in the Reign of Frederick William, by M. the Count of Segur. Speech of General Fitz-Patrick to the English Parliament, the 16th December, 1796.

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 76.)

I WAS delighted with the moral interior of Don Pedro's house, all breathed order, peace, and virtue. Don Pedro was a widower, and without children: his eldest sister, who had never been married, lodged in his house, and the greatest cordiality subsisted between them, partaking of the care that he gave to the education of his three nephews, sons of a brother whom he had lost, young orphans; the eldest of whom was only ten years of age.

I promised Don Pedro never to go out without him; and, two days after our arrival, he took me on foot to a church. Crossing the streets, I was tempted to stop at every step to admire all that met my enchanted sight. The exclamations which escaped me, and my astonished air, attracted the notice of every one. When I entered the church of Laspaesas*, I felt an inexpressible sensation; but when I heard the mingled sounds of the full-toned organ and angelic voices, singing pious hymns, I imagined myself in heaven; prostrated myself; and remained motionless for more than three quarters of an hour. At last, Don Pedro roused me from this kind of ecstasy: he was obliged to drag me with some violence from the church; for I desired to remain there to contemplate at leisure the pictures, the statues,

* A modern church, one of the handsomest in Madrid, and filled with excellent paintings.

and architecture, whose boldness confounded my imagination: while I was resisting the efforts of Don Pedro, the people were going out in crowds, and we were soon almost alone in this vast edifice. I perceived a female veiled, and enveloped in long black garments; who, on her knees, was praying over a superb white marble tomb. I could not see her countenance; but was struck with her graceful attitude and elegant form. I advanced, and knelt down by her side; she raised her veil to look at me; and disclosed the most charming features I ever beheld; her cheeks, o'er-spread with tears, resembled the fresh leaves of the eglantine, besprinkled with the dew of morn; her languishing looks, and every trait, were expressive of grief! What is it you desire? said I; do you solicit heaven for the recovery of a father and a beloved mother, or the return of an absent friend? Tell me; I will pray with you!—At these words, the stranger appeared surprised; and, after a moment's pause,—You see me, answered she, upon my husband's tomb.—How he must have regretted life! What! so young, are you a widow?—I have been so these eighteen months.—And this magnificent monument is a tomb! O! noble power of the fine arts, which perpetuates the most affecting remembrances! In our valley, we are entirely forgotten! No durable trace of our existence remains after us, a little mound and a wooden-cross are our only tombs! Branches of tree-leaves form our habitations! A tempest, or the northern blast, destroys them in an instant; a cloud, faint vapours, are sufficient to overthrow our fragile dwellings; and to scatter the dust which covers our mortal remains. Our children trample with indifference the ground which bore us, and the grass which hides our ashes. Every vestige of our rapid progress in the valley is quickly and for ever effaced; nothing recalls our having lived; our names perish with us! And I read that of your husband upon this marble and bronze tomb! Ah! he ever lives! his countrymen cannot forget him, and you still weep for him! Whilst I was speaking in an agitated and trembling tone of voice, the stranger looked at me stedfastly with an expression of pro-

found astonishment. In the mean time, Don Pedro, who had stopped some paces from us, and was attentively examining us both, came, and called me; and seeing the stranger, What! said he, Donna Bianca Xenilla (the name of the stranger). Donna Bianca arose, approached Don Pedro, and I heard her ask him who I was. Don Pedro stooped, and spoke in so low a tone, that I could not hear his answer. But Donna Bianca expressed surprise; and, fixing her fine eyes upon me, she looked at me with every demonstration of benevolent curiosity. Don Pedro handed her to her carriage; before she entered, she returned to me, and said, with a smile full of sweetness, that she should dine at Don Pedro's, and be delighted to see me again. This expression appeared to me so strong, that I feared having misunderstood her; I thereupon questioned Don Pedro, who began to laugh, and answered me, that she would really be delighted to prattle with me, because she found that I was a pleasing original, and wished to ask me many questions about the valley of the Battuécas. Donna Bianca Xenilla, added he, is a widow at the age of twenty: her husband was one of the first lords at court; he died three years after his marriage. Donna Bianca, young, rich, beautiful as an angel, and endowed with talents, disdains all the homage which is paid to her: she appears inconsolable: she has sworn to devote her life to science, friendship, and virtue, and to preserve her liberty. You will often see her at my house; she is our neighbour; and my sister's friend. She is as intellectual and pious as fascinating; and is passionately fond of literature. While thus conversing with Don Pedro, we walked into the streets; for he took me to a kind of assembly which he called a *literary academy*. We entered a large hall already filled with the most eminent persons, of both sexes, in Madrid. Do you see, said Don Pedro, all those men ranged round this long table? They are men of letters, whose talents do the greatest honour to Spain. Look at him who holds a roll of paper: he is a poet of great repute. He will read some fragments of a poem on Agriculture, written by himself. Indeed, the poet read, in a loud

voice, some very beautiful verses, which were heard with enthusiasm. While they were applauding him, I was alternately affected, in an indescribable manner, by admiration, and some mortifying reflections on myself! I equally admired the talents of the poet, and the extraordinary justice done him by the persons assembled to hear him. This, cried I, is a divine poem, and these are men worthy of hearing it! Behold true Christians, incapable of a low envy! Ah! why is this noble example lost to the Battuécas? Why are they not all here?—The love and approbation of one's countrymen is a glory unknown to me! Ah! how infatuating it is! Genius only can deserve it. We cannot enjoy it, if refused by ingratitude! The decision of the public must confer it! These exclamations were not heard, because they only escaped me in the noisy moments of applause.

Don Pedro in vain did all he could to silence and quiet me; I was like a madman. The extravagance of my actions and gestures struck several persons; and Don Pedro, observing that I had excited curiosity, hastened to lead me away as soon as the reading of the poem was at an end. I was on the point of experiencing another, and much more dangerous kind of enchantment at his house. He had a dinner-party of five or six gentlemen and as many ladies; in the number, was Donna Bianca; and I saw no other; her beauty really effaced every other female's. She was no longer enveloped in black crape; for having left off mourning a year, she only resumed it in a morning for one hour, to go and weep over the tomb of her husband. The other women were magnificently dressed; Donna Bianca wore a plain gown; her only ornaments were a necklace and pearl-bracelets; her head-dress was formed by her beautiful light hair, plaited and tied by a bouquet of pansies. She came, and addressed me in terms so kind and affecting, as to awaken feelings that overcame the power of speech. She looked at me with a blended expression of astonishment and sensibility, and afterwards went away from me. My eyes followed her, and I remained mute and motionless in my place, breathing in rapture an unknown but infatuating fragrance, which her footsteps ever leave behind. Don Pedro had

cautioned all his friends of my total ignorance of the world ; and they all regarded a Battuécas with an interest and curiosity, which was increased by Don Pedro's having spoken of me in friendly terms. They sat down to table. Donna Bianca made me take a place beside her, which occasioned me a violent palpitation of the heart. Solely occupied with the happiness of looking at, and listening to Donna Bianca, I forgot to eat, and even to lay my napkin ; she noticed it, with a smile ; and I ate what her hands presented me ; those charming hands, whose dazzling whiteness and delicacy I admired with astonishment ; for I thought I had never before seen a female hand. Literature was much talked of ; and Donna Bianca said, that since I loved poetry, I must listen to two gentlemen whom she pointed out to me, because they were very distinguished literary men. I wish, answered I, to profit from their conversation ; but for an hour, I have had but one thought, one sentiment, and nothing can divert me from it. Donna Bianca cast down her eyes ; and sighed. This sigh made me start ; and I was agitated with a confusion unknown to me before, and a thousand vague apprehensions. Donna Bianca soon recovered her serenity, and inspired me with confidence. The conversation turned upon the poem which we had so much admired at the academy ; and I was as surprised as indignant at hearing the two literary men whom Donna Bianca had shewn me, tear the work and the author to pieces with as much injustice as animosity. I was then shocked at knowing that knowledge does not preserve us from envy. I combated the opinion of these two detractors of great talents. I quoted more than thirty admirable lines, which I remembered. The energy with which I spoke, disconcerted my adversaries ; for they did not expect to find in a Battuécas such a taste for poetry. I was elevated beyond myself, not because they had heard me with expressions of surprise and approbation, but because Donna Bianca applauded me with a kind of rapture. On rising from table, she said to me in a low voice, You have just had a glorious triumph, and I have enjoyed it. A real triumph to me, said I ; you give it me this instant. She blushed, and immediately went

into the saloon. I remained petrified; I no longer knew where I was; I was not sufficiently collected to support the sudden revolution which was operating in my ideas, and especially in my heart. I dared not interrogate this burning heart, and full of agitation; but it spoke so vehemently, that I understood it, spite of myself. The state I was in might be compared to that of intoxication, of the folly and danger of which I had a glimpse; but suffered myself to be hurried away by an imperious charm which I thought it impossible to resist. Don Pedro came, and embraced me, saying, that he rejoiced in the success I had just obtained. He added that my company was requested in the saloon, and that they were going to perform some music. I had a confused feeling of the necessity of restraint, and followed Don Pedro. As we entered, Donna Bianca was sitting before a piano. I began to fear myself, and sat down at a distance from her. As soon as I heard her play with such divine superiority, I experienced mingled sensations of ecstasy and suffering which deprived me of respiration. I conceived culpable and hopeless desires. Formed to love the sciences, I had never heard out of the church any music but the rustic pipes and noisy timbals that I had invented; and was listening to enchanting music, performed by an angelic creature, endowed with every gift of heaven; by her, in fine, whom I admired with all the enthusiasm and astonishment, all the sincerity of a heart wholly unexperienced, and all the ardour of an impassioned soul. She played an adagio with so much expression, that to me it was only the pathetic language of love and melancholy. It seemed as if she were speaking to me, and endeavouring to console me; for to sigh with me was to answer me! My tears flowed without my perceiving them; every eye was fixed upon me, and I did not notice it; I was alone with Donna Bianca! When she had done, she arose, and appeared affected at seeing me in tears. This was attributed to the sole charm of music. They knew that the impression was absolutely new to a Battuécas. Donna Bianca was in vain solicited to sing. Don Pedro then lavished praises on my

voice; and unexpectedly requested me to sing a piece, the words and music of which I had composed for Inès, and entitled *The Adieus and Vows of Love*. I trembled, turned pale, and the most acute remorse at once pierced and tore my heart. As I was silent, Don Pedro related the particulars of my engagement to Inès: he had seen her, and boasted of her beauty, unaffected ease, and regard for me!—During this account, my blood ran cold; I was undone, and ready to faint;—my extreme paleness was observed by every one; and supposed to be occasioned by the regret of absence. I took advantage of this error; and suddenly disappeared without daring to raise my eyes to Donna Bianca: I was no longer worthy of looking at her. I shut myself up in my chamber; and, under the pretence of a head-ache, remained alone the rest of the day, a prey to the most oppressive reflections. In spite of my remorse, and the confusion it occasioned me, the thought which most afflicted me was, that Donna Bianca had now lost the idea which she must have formed of my sentiments to her; for her looks had interrogated my heart.—Determined to follow my duty, I yet wished that Donna Bianca should know the extent of my sacrifice; or rather, my mind was filled with such a confusion of new thoughts, vague and chimerical hopes, that I had but one distinct idea; I only knew that my prospects were entirely blasted.

(To be continued.)

GENEROSITY.

WHEN his minister presented a catalogue of his attendants to Alfonso, king of Castile, to mark the names of such as he deemed superfluous and burthensome to the prince, reserving some who might be useful and necessary, the king, on examining the list, made the following generous and witty answer—"Some of them I must retain, because I cannot do without them; and the rest I must keep, because they cannot do without me."

A NEW SYSTEM OF MYTHOLOGY;

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,
ADDRESSED TO THE HONOURABLE MISS S——,

(Continued from page 80.)

LETTER III.

MYTHOLOGISTS all agree, that the queen of the gods was of a haughty, jealous, and revengeful disposition. She appears to have been worshipped rather through fear than love. Her temper, soured by matrimonial infelicity, was rendered still worse, by the affront she received from the royal shepherd, Paris, son of Priam, king of Troy. The goddess Discordia, enraged at being the only one of the celestial court, who had not received an invitation to the marriage of Peleus, contrived to throw upon the table, where the banquet was spread, a golden apple, with this inscription, "Let the fairest take it." You will easily conceive, my dear Charlotte, that every goddess present stretched out her hand in the firm persuasion, that the apple could be intended only for herself; and, it is said, there was so much uproar among the celestial beauties, that it was some time before Jupiter could make himself heard, when he commanded silence.

Either from respect or fear, the inferior goddesses speedily relinquished the prize to Juno, Venus, and Minerva, who insisted upon Jupiter's awarding it to her whom he thought the fairest. The wary god, conscious that however he decided, he was sure to create two irreconcilable enemies, referred them to Paris, who had, by the command of his father, been exposed upon Mount Ida, as soon as he was

born, because an oracle had foretold, that through him Troy would be burnt. The shepherds of Mount Ida brought him up tenderly, and named him Paris. He was still a youth, but he was famed for wit and judgment.

The goddesses were a little piqued at Jupiter's refusal to decide the matter; but they consented to refer it to Paris. They had not fortitude enough to forbear influencing him by the promise of such gifts as each of them thought most likely to bias his judgment. The majestic Juno, while she haughtily demanded the prize as her right, signified her intention to confer the greatest dignities upon the giver of it. Minerva, equally tenacious of her claim to it, promised the young shepherd to bestow upon him the pure and lasting pleasures with which wisdom rewards her votaries. Venus, who had remained silent, and, apparently, little interested, now advanced. "The value of my gift," said she, "must depend upon the manner in which it is appreciated; I will bestow upon you a female whose transcendent beauty induces mortals to say, Were Venus to descend upon the earth, she would appear to us under such a form as Helen's." This promise, and the smile which accompanied it, were irresistible; Venus carried off the apple in triumph, and from that day, Juno's ill-humour was observed to increase.

Vulcan and Hebe were the sole issue of the marriage of Jupiter and Juno. Vulcan, who was exceedingly deformed, once incurred the displeasure of his father for presuming to rescue Juno from a punishment which he had inflicted upon her. Not content with persecuting the objects of her husband's illicit love, Juno extended her resentment to their children. She raised a tempest in order to destroy Hercules, the son of Alcmena by Jupiter, who had deceived her under the form of her husband Amphitruon. The thunderer, enraged at her barbarity, suspended her in the air, between the heavens and the earth, with an anvil fastened to each of her feet. Vulcan, hastening to her rescue, was hurled by Jupiter to the earth.

Soon after the birth of Minerva, Juno, wishing to learn the secret of having children that should belong to herself

alone, consulted Flora on the subject. That goddess pointed out to her a flower, the touch of which, she assured her, would have the effect of making her a mother. Juno immediately gathered it, and the birth of Mars proved the truth of Flora's prediction.

Harassed by her continual bickerings, Jupiter once determined to take a merry revenge, by making use of her jealousy to render her ridiculous. He caused it to be reported, that he was about to espouse the beautiful Platea, daughter of Asophus. No sooner did the news reach Juno, than she flew like a fury upon Platea, and had torn half her clothes to pieces before she discovered that the supposed bride was only an image, dressed up to deceive her. Jupiter turned her anger into jest, and they were soon reconciled.

Juno, who was the goddess of marriages and births, was worshipped also as the distributor of riches and empires. Correctness of conduct was indispensable in her female votaries; for her own virtue was of the severest kind; of this we have a proof in her conduct to Ixion. He presumed to insult her with his addresses, and she complained to Jupiter, who listened to her with incredulity, but finding she persisted in the story, he threw a cloud in the form of Juno in the way of Ixion, and was soon convinced that his wife had not been mistaken; incensed at his presumption, Jupiter banished him from Olympus, where, though a mortal, he had been suffered to associate with the Gods. Ixion had the temerity to boast of his attempt upon Juno, and Jupiter revenged the insult by precipitating him into Tartarus, where he was fastened to a wheel encircled with serpents.

Juno is always represented as a beautiful and majestic matron, dressed with regal pomp, and seated upon a splendid throne. The peacock, a bird sacred to her, is placed near her, and she usually holds a sceptre in her hand.

Iris, the daughter of Thamaus and Electra, was placed in Olympus by Juno, who employed her about her own person, as a reward for her confidential services. This post was not, however, a sinecure, since, besides attending at

Juno's toilet, Iris was commissioned to terminate the dying agonies of females, by cutting the hair on which existence is supposed to depend. She was also the sole messenger of Juno, who presented her with the rainbow to enable her to execute her commissions more swiftly.

Iris is represented as a beautiful young female whose shoulders are adorned with wings of the dazzling and various hues which compose the rainbow, on which I should observe, she is always mounted. Although Iris belongs to the inferior deities, yet, as she was so much in the confidence of Juno, I have ventured to violate etiquette by placing her next to her imperial mistress.

I must now relate to you the histories of Jupiter's children, and as the precedence is undoubtedly due to the Goddess of Wisdom, I shall begin with her; that is to say, in my next; for the present, my dear cousin, adieu!

Truly your's,

CLERMONT.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HISTORY OF DON QUIXOTE.

THE French ambassador to Spain, during the life-time of the author (Michael de Cervantes), who died in 1618, one day paid him a compliment upon the extensive reputation of his book; Cervantes said, in a whisper to the minister, that if he had not been afraid of the Inquisition, he could have made his History of Don Quixote infinitely more diverting. Cervantes was at the battle of Lepanto, where he was wounded, and taken prisoner. He has inserted his own history in Don Quixotte. His name had reached the court of Spain; but the author was not sufficiently noticed. His first volume possessed the greatest merit; and he would have stopped there, had not the vehement entreaties of his friends urged him to continue the work, which, though inferior in its progress, has many passages stamped with original genius.

THE CHILD OF THE BATTLE.

(Continued from page 89.)

LETTER XXIII.

ALBERT TO ULRIC.

TRIUMPH, Ulric! triumph in thy superior knowledge of the human heart; triumph in the shame and mortification of the self-deluded Albert! But, no! thine is not a spirit to rejoice over the errors of a friend. I have wronged thee, Ulric, and though it is even now in my power to conceal that I have done so, I will not cancel the acknowledgment. How often has thy prophetic caution been whispered in my ear, "Albert! restrain that too ardent vivacity of imagination, check that morbid sensibility, which will ultimately involve thee in misery." And I, fool that I was, slighted such admonitions; nay, let me own it, despised them as the heartless dictates of a cold unfeeling disposition. Well! I have met with my punishment, and you shall be in future the guide of my conduct, if you do not hold in too great contempt the insensate being, who, till now, knew not the value of friendly counsel. But let me now enter on a brief recital of what has befallen me since our separation. Filled with one engrossing idea, I pursued my journey; Hope whispered me, that the magnetic influence of that powerful passion, which formed the soul of my existence, would attract me to the spot which contained her I sought, nor was I wrong: after a tedious and fruitless search, after having wearied all I met with in my way with enquiries and descriptions of the fair travellers, I reached this place, and had the good fortune to learn, that a lady, whose person and dress corresponded with my description, had a few days before landed at that port, and had proceeded to the con-

vent of St. Nicholi. Almost driven to desperation by this intelligence, I lost no time in hastening to the place; but certain of being refused admittance under my real character, I deemed it expedient to adopt a disguise, which might effectually answer my purpose; I procured a female habit without much difficulty, and, repairing to the convent, desired to speak to the abbess. I was shewn into the refectory, and a portly dame soon made her appearance. "Madam," said I, in the softest tone I could assume, "I am come to throw myself upon your protection; your character for piety and goodness has been long known to me; and though my story is too tedious to enter upon at present, I make no doubt of your affording me an asylum from the persecution of a cruel and vindictive brother, who would sacrifice me, and throw away all my property upon an unprincipled heretic." Ulrie, do you not blush for me? Will you not more than ever condemn the folly of a passion which could thus debase me, which could suggest to me a fabrication so mean and despicable? It succeeded, however; the old lady, pleased at my imagined zeal, and not sorry to find I had wherewithal to reward her services upon some future occasion, assured me of her protection, and, smiling, added, "I have just admitted a young female within our holy walls, situated in a manner nearly similar; you shall share her chamber; your society may serve to cheer her drooping spirits; for I think, Signora, you appear to be of a more lively temper, and are better calculated to bear misfortune, without suffering your spirits to be too deeply affected." I bowed assent; for at that moment, I dared not trust my voice with a reply. Her proposal was certainly embarrassing, and I would have declined it, had I not been afraid that, by so doing, I should lose all opportunity of a private conference. A nun was then summoned, who was desired to conduct me to the cell of sister Agnes; and a suitable habit was allotted for me. How my heart palpitated as I approached the door! The nun threw it open, and merely saying, "I have brought you a companion, sister," retired. Agnes was at her devotions, and

rose not until I had in some degree recovered from my agitation. At the first glimpse of her beautiful profile, I recognized the object of my search. I seated myself on a low stool, and silently surveyed her with mingled awe and admiration. So fervent was her piety, so chaste and dignified her mien, when she arose, and turned towards me, that I gazed on her angelic countenance with sensations wholly new and unaccountable. "If, like me, you have voluntarily secluded yourself from the world," said she, in a tone of consoling sweetness, "time, and the solaces which our holy religion affords, will soon bring peace to your troubled mind." "Is your seclusion indeed voluntary?" I asked rather abruptly. She started, and, as I thought, surveyed me with mingled surprise and alarm. Fearful of exciting her apprehensions, I suppressed the energy of my tone, and added, "I am happy to learn, that you are not like many others, the victim of oppression. But has your heart no tender tie to draw it back to the world, or to make you regret a choice, the result perhaps of superstitious prejudice, or fancied wrong?" "The question is a close one," she replied with a faint smile, "and, from a stranger, savours of inquisitiveness; but I have no occasion to desire concealment; the wrongs I have sustained are real, not imaginary. Again I repeat, my seclusion is voluntary; for I am unfettered by any attachment or tender tie. But your voice recalls some confused recollection; when and where have we met before?" "Your memory is faithful in one respect," I returned; "but I cannot now explain; when time shall have matured our acquaintance into confidence, I will unfold a tale that may not prove uninteresting to you; suffice it now, that fate has united our destiny, and that I already feel for you the same affection that I would bear towards a sister. Can you say as much, Agnes?" She paused ere she replied. "There is an inconsistency about you which perplexes me. I think—yet it cannot be—for mercy's sake, who and what are you?" "Why that question, gentle Agnes? Have I said ought to alarm you?" "Your words were not calculated to raise alarm; but some-

thing whispers me, that you are not what you seem." "Beware how you express that doubt to others, Agnes." "Then I am right." "You are—but tremble not, from me you have nothing to fear. I came hither in pursuit of you, in the hope of persuading you to fly these hated walls. Here," I continued, bending my knee, and presenting a dagger, which I always carried about me, "take this, and plunge it in my devoted breast the moment I offer an insult to innocence and Agnes." A faint shriek burst from her lips. "Then you are——?" "Albert Waldstein," I replied. "And my brother!" "Impossible." "It is true," said she, laying her hand on my arm, with a calm and confident air; "I can relate facts that will convince you of it. But why this emotion? Have you not asserted, that you could love me as a sister? Have you not boasted of the purity of your intentions?" I felt the reproach, and conscious blushes tinged my cheeks. The vesper bell that moment rung. "I must leave you, Albert, for the present," she said, "when I return, I will explain particulars which will fill you with surprise. Calm your agitation, my brother; at yon sacred shrine (pointing to a small altar on which stood a crucifix) seek to compose the tumult of your thoughts." I endeavoured to obey her; but, alas! the task was beyond my ability. My sister! it could not be. Agnes must have been imposed on. My heart could not have played me such a trick; it was indeed out of my power to reconcile such an idea to my feelings, and I paced the chamber in a state of agony and expectation indescribable, until the return of Agnes.

"Well," said she, smiling affectionately on me, "have you prepared yourself to receive a sister?" I threw my arms round her, and reclining my head on her shoulder, gave vent to the oppression of my heart by shedding tears. From that moment, my sentiments underwent a complete revolution; I found my mind relieved from a variety of contending emotions, and even ventured to wonder at the infatuation which had induced me to slight the confiding tenderness of the lovely Katharine. Perhaps that

too was the work of fate! You, Ulric, are more deserving; she cannot long be insensible to your worth. May you be happy! You were formed for each other. I must now lay aside my pen; at the earliest opportunity, I will resume it, and lay before you the particulars of my history, as related by Agnes. You may expect us in Vienna soon. There are near you some workers of iniquity, whose haunts must be discovered. A tale of horror yet remains to be told; and deeds of villany must soon be brought to light.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERISTIC HUMANITY OF BRITISH TARS.

IN the year 1782, a ship in the service of the East India Company on her voyage home, sprung a leak, and the water increasing, in spite of the pumps, no hopes were left. Every one therefore began to prepare for his fate; but amongst the crew, were eight daring fellows, who, seizing the boat, rowed off, leaving the remainder of the company to perish. The sailors who were left behind, called to them to return to take on board two helpless children, who, they said, could add no weight to the boat. After some entreaty, the fellows returned, upon condition, that not a man should attempt to come on board the boat. They received the children, and again rowed off; not an individual of the unhappy crew endeavouring to leap into the boat. Soon after their departure, the vessel went to the bottom; and the next day, another East India ship came in sight, which took up the survivors; and the children, who were almost dead with cold, were put into the captain's bed, and, with proper care, recovered; being now living witnesses of the characteristic humanity of British tars.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN;

A MUSICAL FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

By J. M. BARTLETT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN FREDERICK MANLY—*a Soldier of Fortune.*OLD MORDRANT—*Father of Cecilia.*MR. OVERPLUS—*Suitor to Miss Mordrant.*O'KEEFE—*a Soldier, and Servant to Captain Manly.*OLIVER—*Servant to Old Mordrant.*

CECILIA.

AGNES—*Maid to Cecilia,*

ACT I.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in Old Mordrant's House.

CECILIA and AGNES.

Cecilia, (pensively, with a letter in her hand). This day, Agnes, we are to witness the return of our lovers; and, notwithstanding war has so far disfigured their manly features as to embitter the long wished-for interview with pity for their misfortunes, we cannot be too thankful to that Providence who restores them to us again, although the mutilated remains only of what they once were.

Agnes. True, madam; yet I have often heard you say, that a scar of honour was the most bewitching charm a man could boast to win a woman's heart.

Cecilia. That heart must be cold indeed which can deny valour the well-earned tribute of applause, or virtue the merited meed of approbation. For these, the hardy veteran

braves danger in the field; though oft, too oft, alas! a stinted harvest repays the promise of his hopes, and honourable indigence alone rewards his toils. Yet, spirits of the brave! for glory's proud career, ye barter ease and affluence; and if ye find not in the hot pursuit a trophied grave, ye live but to exhibit to mankind the wreck of conflict and the rage of battle.

Agnes. My dear madam, do not be sad upon the occasion; although Captain Manly has lost an eye and an arm, and poor O'Keefe a leg, their hearts, doubt not, are as sound as when they left us. But what does the Captain say in his letter?

Cecilia. But little; he wrote in great haste; merely informing me, that he had once more set foot on his native shore; and, if the addresses of a poor crippled soldier would not be unacceptable, he would pay me a visit as soon as he could refit himself with necessaries for the occasion.

Agnes. But what of O'Keefe, madam?

Cecilia. From the anxiety of my own heart, Agnes, I can forgive the solicitude of yours. Except that he is well, nothing. But be not too impatient, a few hours will recompence you for his silence on this occasion, doubt not.

Agnes. I suppose, madam, I must endure the time patiently, if it is only to keep you company. But I hope, madam, your father will not renew his threat of marrying you to that simpleton Overplus.

Cecilia. Fear not, Agnes; I can parley with advantage, since the hope of succour is so near. But here my father comes; we must not appear conversing, as it will excite his suspicion.

She sings.

Unfeeling is the maiden's heart
That beats not high at Fame's prond story,
That does not feel a generous smart,
At deeds of danger—tales of glory!
Yet let it sleep—I envy not
The cold enjoyments it possesses;
Be mine to share the soldier's lot,
And smooth his toils with love's caresses.

But, oh! how callous is the soul,
That spurns the warrior wounded, friendless!
Like frozen torrent of the pole,
It frowns unblest, in winter endless.
Yet let it sleep—I envy not
The cold enjoyments it possesses;
Be mine to share the soldier's lot,
And smooth his toils with love's caresses.

Enter OLD MORDRANT.

Old Mordrant. A very pretty heroic ditty, upon my word! And now your fine lover is about to be discharged for want of employment for such coxcombs, I suppose you intend commencing ballad-singer, whilst he grinds music at your elbow, and begs of passers-by to "relieve a poor soldier."

Cecilia. Oh! sir, do not sport with his misfortunes; the man who has stood up in the defence of his country, and shed his dearest blood for her protection abroad, is surely entitled to our respect at home; nor ought we to deny him that sorry wreath, since it is the fairest his country entwines for him.

Old Mord. Sorry wreath indeed! The girl is as mad as ever. Why, you bussy, do you still dare to think of a man whom I have commanded you to forget? Zounds! if I knew that you dreamt of him even, I would turn you out of doors the next morning, and leave you without a shilling. Pretty times these! I suppose by-and-by a man will not be able to go out of his own door without having his throat cut by some of these "defenders of their country," whilst those pennyless gentlemen of officers of their's, will be "respectfully" running off with your wives and daughters just to keep them from starving. But hear my determination—if you any longer resist the offers of Mr. Overplus, whom I have chosen to be your husband, you are no longer my daughter, but may go and enjoy the luxury of your romantic ideas upon your lover's half-pay.

Cecilia. Nay, sir,—

Old Mord. Nay, madam! I'll hear no nays. Mr. Over-

plus will be here this afternoon, and, as I am determined that his addresses shall no longer require my authority to gain them a hearing, I purpose being absent; therefore, you will obey my pleasure, or expect my resentment.

(Exit.)

Cecilia. Cruel fortune! why hast thou made him so wretched? Why are thy favours withheld from the generous and deserving, when they are lavished so profusely on the sordid and mean? Oh! Frederick, shall tears of regret be my only portion to reward your constancy and truth?

Agnes. Indeed, madam, I would never cry after a fortune; and though duty says "no!" inclination, I am sure, will say "yes!" now that the man of your heart entreats so charmingly to be blessed. And, after all, what is duty? Why truly nothing more than obedience. And what is obedience, but a leading-string, by which poor woman is conducted with all due subservience from her cradle to her coffin? [*Imitating*] Mamma commands her upon her "obedience;" papa insists upon her "obedience;" and, if she is fortunate enough to obtain a momentary controul over a lover, she soon resigns it for the dull "obedience" of a wife.—Alas! poor woman!

Cecilia. The cheerfulness of your countenance, Agnes, reproaches the sadness of mine. I will retire awhile, and endeavour to compose myself; these tears but ill accord with the feelings which ought to welcome our lovers' return.

(Exit.)

Agnes. Heigho! Methinks I am half-inclined to be dull too, since my mistress is unhappy; but that is a poor way to make the time pass pleasantly and light.

She sings.

'Twas the soft balm of hope that enliven'd my heart,
When my lad went to battle afar,
That blunted despair's deep envenoming dart,
As he sought the rude tempest of war.

But soon he'll return to my fond doating arms,
 No more from his maiden to rove,
 Whilst the dangers he's pass'd will but add wilder charms
 To endear the sweet lad that I love.

Though duty had call'd him from me far away,
 Where fame wreath'd with laurels his brow,
 Yet affection still bloom'd 'midst the season's decay,
 Ever cherish'd by constancy's vow.
 And soon he'll return to my fond doating arms,
 No more from his maiden to rove,
 Whilst the dangers he's pass'd will but add wilder charms
 To endear the sweet lad that I love.

Then how jocund and blythe will our days glide along,
 Unclouded by sorrow or strife,
 Each night we'll repose with the nightingale's song,
 And each morn wake to pastime and life.
 For soon he'll return to my fond doating arms,
 No more from his maiden to rove,
 Whilst the dangers he's pass'd will but add wilder charms
 To endear the sweet lad that I love.

(Exit.)

(To be continued.)

AN INSTANCE OF THE PREVAILING PASSION IN DEATH.

M. DE L——, on his death-bed, when the priest had given him absolution, and was describing the joys of Paradise, inattentive to his pious office, the expence attending his illness being uppermost in his mind, exclaimed, "Father, I tell you these physicians and apothecaries are a set of vultures, preying upon their patients; and it is impossible to escape ruin, if you are under their hands for any time."

PERFECTION NOT ATTAINABLE;

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE STORY OF
EUGENIO.

EUGENIO entered the world with every advantage; to fortune he was indebted for a liberal independence, and he inherited from nature a pleasing form, a sound constitution, an excellent understanding, and a feeling heart. He was remarkable at school for his quickness in comprehending the beauties of the classics, insomuch, that it was prophesied on all hands that he would make a brilliant figure in life. Childhood is perhaps the season of all others in which excellence brings the sweetest recompence to the possessor, being seldom blighted by envy, or clouded by detraction. But notwithstanding the applauses which the talents and virtues of Eugenio inspired, his schoolfellows could not fail to remark the inconstancy with which he varied his friendships; the intimate friend of to-day being frequently slightly noticed on the morrow, and totally forgot on the day ensuing; this circumstance, which they ascribed to pride, did not fail to damp the admiration his schoolfellows felt for him. Eugenio, in spite of this failing, passed through his exercises with uncommon applause, which was rather increased than lessened during a residence of three years at Oxford; and having entered himself a student at the Temple, we are now to consider him as thrown upon the theatre of the world, to act the part to which chance or inclination shall direct him.

During his stay at school, Eugenio had, from a grandeur and elevation of sentiment inherent in him, chiefly addicted himself to the study of those authors who have represented mankind in the fairest point of view. The Pastorals of

Theocritus and Virgil delighted his imagination, the Romances of Tasso and Ariosto charmed his fancy, and added new force to his universal benevolence: he learnt from Homer to equip fleets and armies, to redress private wrongs, and was pleased to see the Goddess of Wisdom herself descend from heaven to guide her favorite in his passage through life. Among the moderns, Addison was his greatest favorite; and if a passage in Boileau or Swift sometimes awoke him from his dream of felicity, he quickly spurned the ungenerous reflection, and shook it off, "like dew-drops from the lion's mane."

The fortune, talents, and vivacity of Eugenio, no sooner seen than admired, drew a large circle of acquaintance around him, each contending for his friendship. The choice of a friend was the only thing left to contribute to the felicity of Eugenio, and this, in his opinion, was to fix the happiness or misery of his future life. In all the works of imagination he had perused, he could not fail to remark that his hero was accompanied by some dear and inseparable friend, whose sentiments exactly coincided with his own; who, when he went forth to battle, fought undaunted by his side; who shared with him the dangers of the seas; and who, in the days of innocence and peace, lay stretched beside him in the shade, alternately chaunting the praises of some favorite fair.

Impressed with this sentiment, Eugenio happened to be in the company of Mercator, and struck with the probity of his character, and the concern he expressed for the welfare of his country, determined to elect him the friend of his bosom. It was not long, however, before Eugenio perceived that Mercator was not the man destined by Heaven to participate in his sorrows and his joys; Mercator regulated his passions by the dictates of prudence and reason, was in every respect too methodical for the ardent disposition of Eugenio, and was therefore quickly slighted, and quickly forgotten. A few days afterwards, Eugenio dined with a society of fashionable men at a tavern in St. James's-street, and among those who distinguished them-

selves by merriment or noise, could not help being particularly attracted with the elegant appearance, sprightly conversation, and brilliant repartees of Audax; to Audax, therefore, he vowed eternal friendship, and this vow, Audax, in the intoxication of the moment, willingly repaid. A league was forthwith formed, the two friends appeared inseparable at all the resorts of gaiety and dissipation, and Eugenio and Audax shortly became the Pylades and Orestes of the town. For the first month, Eugenio swam in an ocean of delight. "At length," he exclaimed, "I have attained the wish of my heart, a friend possessed of every virtue and every accomplishment, whose appearance gratifies my vanity, whose good-humour is a never-failing source of pleasure, whose wit exhilarates, and whose virtue enforces esteem!" A few months were sufficient to awaken Eugenio from his dream of felicity; he found the animal spirits and gaiety of Audax a poor substitute for the more durable qualities of good sense and virtue, was shortly duped by his inseparable friend in an amorous adventure, and had just reasoned himself into a determination to challenge his perfidious associate, when he learnt, to his infinite satisfaction, that Audax had that morning been killed in a duel. Foiled, but not deterred from his pursuit, Eugenio shortly attached himself to two fellow students, one of whom had obtained the character of a *bon vivant*, and the other that of a lover of vertu. These terms, *verus* in their literal construction, are understood to signify a good liver, and a lover of virtue; a few days were sufficient to convince him of his mistake; the good liver died under a disorder occasioned by excessive gluttony, and the lover of virtue narrowly escaped an Old Bailey prosecution for robbing the cabinet of his benefactor of some valuable gold and silver coins.

It would be a task equally fruitless and unpleasant, to follow Eugenio through the mazes of error into which his lofty opinion of himself and others had brought him. He solicited the friendship of the elegant, and wondered to find them trifling and empty; he courted the regard of celebrated

authors, and was astonished not to find them equally celebrated for graceful manners and polite behaviour; he slighted artists, because they were not fashionable men, and fashionable men, because they were not artists; till tired and disappointed, his spirits forsook him, his appetite failed, he became a sloven in his appearance, and seemed posting with hasty strides towards chagrin and death. In this extremity, he determined to open his whole soul to Candidus, the only friend who had watched his progress with real concern, without importuning him with empty professions of friendship. Candidus heard the little story of his misfortunes with more concern in his heart than he chose to express in his countenance; and when he had finished, thus addressed him—"My dear Eugenio! your disappointment is the natural consequence of that lofty irritability of mind, which seeks absolute perfection in those about it; and being disappointed, quarrels, like a child, with itself and all the world. A very moderate degree of experience might convince you, that perfection is not attainable by man; and that wisdom and policy equally dictate to him rather to be content with what nature offers, than waste his health and spirits in seeking that which nature never intended him to obtain. You heat your imagination with visionary excellence, and then walk abroad, seeking to embody the phantom; you are foiled in your schemes, fall out with the world, and the world in its turn falls out with you. Life has been frequently and aptly compared to a journey in a stage coach. The comparison will gain additional strength by observing that chance frequently throws together men of the most opposite pursuits and inclinations; how much better is it then mutually to concede, than to waste our time in idle bickerings or lofty pretensions! especially as every moment brings us nearer to the end of our journey, and the time must soon arrive in which we part to meet no more."

EXPLANATION

TO THE ENIGMATICAL LETTER WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

DEAR WILL,

THE other day, I went with some friends to Barnes, Mortlake, and Richmond, and a very gay trip we had of it; we put up at the Star and Garter, and eat abundantly of Scotch-collops, Maintenon-cutlets, and other tit-bits; we had likewise rhubarb pye, and lots of other nice pastry.

We came back by water, and our poor dear aunt having swallowed divers glasses of the red Port, tumbled overboard, but a man in a barge caught hold of her by the petticoat, and was fortunate enough to get her to the bank. This threw a damp on our party, and we reached the capital quite out of spirits.

No more at present,

From your's, &c.

AN ENIGMATICAL LIST

OF THE HANDSOME UNMARRIED LADIES AT STONEHOUSE IN DEVONSHIRE, BY AN ADMIRING BACHELOR.

1. To wound.
2. A town in Yorkshire.
3. Part of the human body, and Indian corn.
4. Two-thirds of what watermen do, and near.
5. Half of to be wretched, three-fifths of a new-married lady, and to speak.
6. A county in England.
7. A blockhead, changing a letter.
8. Half of part of a shoe, and two-thirds of an untruth.
9. A person having a rural employment.
10. A stone used in painting.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR AUGUST, 1817.

THERE is reason to apprehend, that the amicable relations between the different Powers of Europe will not long subsist, and that the Holy Alliance, entered into for the common protection of all, will only serve to screen the ambitious projects of Russia, and protect them from being timely checked. The negotiations which have taken place between the courts of St. Petersburg and Madrid, for the interposition of Russia in subjugating the American insurgents, either by gratuitous, or purchased assistance, must excite strong suspicions. If, as it is said, Russia is to be remunerated with California and Minorca, the consequences to be apprehended are—that Russia will endeavour to obtain what has long been a favourite object, and was the policy of the great founder of the present family, maritime stations in the Mediterranean, and a naval ascendancy, which will afford her the means of adding to her dominions, parts of Europe more luxuriant and fertile than her own, and becoming a scourge to this country. For what has England been so long engaged in war? The professed object was to restore the Balance of Power; and if this be not effected, all the vast exertions and immense sacrifices which have been made in the late war, have been made in vain. And how is this likely to be affected? It may easily be seen, that we have overturned one tyrant to raise up another; and that Alexander is profiting from the example of Bonaparte, and doing exactly as he would have done, had he been suffered to remain at peace, gradually effecting his purposes of aggrandizement by pacific measures, the marriages and intermarriages of his family with the royal families of Austria and Spain, and recently with a prince of the Netherlands.

This view of the present state of Europe is sufficient to shew how idle and vain have been the speculations of our statesmen! of men accounted wise! who have been exhausting their country to the very dregs to hunt and chace a phantom, that is no sooner destroyed in one shape than it rises up in another! instead of husbanding the resources and energies of a nation, which, if properly employed, would render it independent of the world, and ought never to be called forth but in cases of actual invasion; for, if this country had observed a strict neutrality, there is reason to believe, that she would have preserved the friendship, instead of exciting the envy and jealousy of her neighbours, and with it that which would always have rendered her great, powerful, and formidable—her trade and commerce; but by her mistakes and imprudence, she has exhibited the mainspring of her prosperity and independance to her rivals or enemies, so that they may destroy the one, and sap the foundations of the other; and will, in all probability, rue the consequences of her folly by sinking into her original insignificance and nothingness, unless timely averted by more politic and prudent measures.

Private letters from Rastadt mention, that the existing disputes between Spain and Portugal, arising from the measures of the Brazilian Government against Monte Video, are to be referred to the Ministers of the Great Powers, who had already offered their intervention, by a Congress to be held at Carlsbad. This intelligence has had the effect of depreciating the English funds.

Advices from Madrid announce, that the Emperor of Russia has conferred the Order of St. Catherine upon the Queen of Spain, and the title of Sir Alexander Newsky upon Pizarro, the Minister for Foreign Affairs; and that four thousand men are on the point of sailing from Cadiz for Spanish America.

The conflict between the contending parties in the Spanish colonies in South America seem still doubtful. The city of Pernambuco has been restored to the Royal Government, and the disaffected completely awed into silence. On the 30th of June, Amelia Island was however taken possession of,

without difficulty or loss, by the Spanish Independents under General Sir Gregor M'Gregor and Admiral Brown, and the Royalist forces found themselves compelled to retreat.

The Governor of Bombay has communicated to the India House, that the British Army had taken the fortress of Hat-trass; and the impression that this success may make, will, in all probability, prevent a Mahratta war.

Four months have nearly elapsed, since the Duchess of Gloucester has been afflicted with lameness, and it is now with great difficulty, that she can use her foot, and that only in a very slight degree, to walk across her room, her Royal Highness having been obliged to be carried to and from the carriage, &c. when she has gone out.

The celebrated Madam de Genlis has, in her old age, become a Carmelite Nun! This is what the Parisian Journalists call "giving a great example to the world!"—We suppose *The Battuécas*, a translation of which is appearing monthly, in small portions, in this work, will be her *last production*.

The trials of the State prisoners closed at York on the 9th inst. and of the twenty-four persons against whom the government solicitor was instructed to institute prosecutions, ten have been pronounced not guilty; against eleven others no bills were found; and one has been liberated on bail; leaving only two of the whole number in confinement; and these two unfortunate men have been detained without trial by a Secretary of State's warrant on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act.

Mr. Owen's Plan for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor.

Two public meetings were held at the New City of London Tavern on the 14th and 22d inst. to take into consideration Mr. Owen's very important plan to "re-moralize the Lower Orders, reduce the Poor-Rates, and abolish Pauperism." Mr. Owen explained his plan very ably, but it

was treated as theoretical and visionary; and his motion for the appointment of a committee was negatived. We are extremely sorry for this rash and premature act, since, whatever may be thought of incorporated villages, with a certain portion of land for the support of their inhabitants, working under the direction of discreet and able managers, and having a stock in common, Mr. Owen has clearly demonstrated, that there are means of alleviating much of the present distress and misery by an attention to productive labour, and a due division and cultivation of the land and waste grounds in the kingdom, which are capable of yielding subsistence for ten times the number of our present population, independent of any measures for the reduction of taxes; a Committee might therefore have effected much good, though not in the precise way pointed out by Mr. Owen; to whom the public are under great obligations for his strenuous and very laudable exertions in their behalf.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

A NEW comedy, in three acts, said to be from the pen of Mr. Jamieson, was performed here on Wednesday night, July 30th, called *Teasing made Easy*; a very pleasant piece, which will no doubt prove attractive for the present, and perhaps for another season, if the temporary allusions to which it owes so much of its effect, should not by that time be worn out. The comedy was given out for repetition, and

without difficulty or loss, by the Spanish Independents under General Sir Gregor M'Gregor and Admiral Brown, and the Royalist forces found themselves compelled to retreat.

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has since been repeated nearly every night with considerable applause. Mr. Mathews, in the part of an attorney's clerk, named M'Gammon, and Mr. Tokely, as Peter Pastoral, a cockney, who, with the strongest inclination for rural scenes, is constantly chained to his desk, were the chief support of the piece. Mrs. Gibbs performed the character of a masculine lady, the comprehensive maid of all work, with great spirit.

A new piece from the pen of Mr. Colman, called *The Actor of all Work*, excited much curiosity, and has not disappointed expectation. Mr. Mathews was the life of the performance, and kept the audience in a continual roar through the seven different characters he has to personate, those of a strolling player, an old prompter, the French tragedian, the pawn-broker's nephew, smitten with a love of the stage, his uncle, his aunt, and the lusty glass-coachman. Mr. Mathews' imitation of M. Talma is one of his best efforts. The literary merits of the piece are not very great; there were, however, several laughable *double entendres*, and a sarcastic enumeration of the constituent parts of a French tragedy, all terminating in *ation*, which may be thought happy, versification, narration, declamation, and gesticulation. It has been repeated every evening since with great applause.

ENGLISH OPERA,

LYCEUM THEATRE, STRAND.

ON the 26th ult. a new melo-dramatic Romance was performed at this theatre, under the title of *The Wizard*; or, *The Brown Man of the Moor*. The piece is founded on the story of the Black Dwarf; but, to render the interest more compact and dramatic, the deviations from the tale are numerous and essential. Considered as a melo-drame, a thing

not to be too severely criticised, *The Wizard* possesses superior claims to approbation. The story is well-told, the dialogue pointed, the interest well-sustained, and the songs and music highly pleasing; the overture in particular was greatly admired. Mr. H. Johnstone and Miss Kelly performed with unusual effect. The piece was received by an elegant and overflowing audience with unusual applause, and, with judicious curtailment, will continue to attract for a period much beyond what is allotted to pieces of a similar description.

A new Opera, entitled *Persian Hunters*; or, *The Rose of Gurgistan*, has been brought out at this theatre, and at present appears a tolerable favourite. The plot is somewhat complicated, and not worth detailing to our readers; but the language and music are often very good, especially in the songs, many of which were highly and justly applauded. Two of them in particular, one by Mr. Pearman, the other by Mr. Broadhurst, were executed with very peculiar sweetness, taste, and expression, and were most deservedly encouraged. Of Mr. Horn, who supports the principal character, we can say nothing that is flattering. With voice, science, and power, excessively inferior to Mr. Braham, this gentleman is continually *labouring* to imitate him, and by attempting much more than nature has at all fitted him for, frequently, in our opinion, makes himself ridiculous. Miss M. Buggins and Miss Singleton were favourably received, and no doubt acquitted themselves to the best of their ability; but it is the gallantry of the house they are indebted to, and certainly not the excellence of their performance. The house was crowded. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester entered before the play commenced, and sat in a box over the stage.

Fire and Water, a new Operetta, has also been introduced upon this stage. It is a lively composition, full of noise and bustle, and is further recommended by its shortness. Some of the incidents are truly laughable, and among these the awkward dilemmas into which Wrench,

who plays the part of an intriguing lover, is occasionally driven for the purpose of avoiding a discovery, seemed highly to amuse the audience; this enterprising hero having at one time no means of escape left him but by running out upon an open balcony, where he has to endure the peltings of a most pitiless storm, and on entering the apartment again, dripping wet from head to foot, is almost as instantly obliged to jump up the chimney, where a few seconds afterwards a large fire is ordered to be kindled. His supposed embarrassment, and the visible distress of the young lady (Miss Love), who has no possibility of rendering her lover any assistance, drew down peals of laughter; and, on the whole, this little interlude went off very well. It certainly, however, would be a great improvement to leave out the two songs, which are not only lugged in without any necessity, but have no manner of merit in themselves, and were most wretchedly sung into the bargain. The serenade was much better.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

THE Opera closed for the season on Tuesday the 12th inst. with the performance of *Don Giovanni*, a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind, *Figaro*, and a *Rejouissance* in honour of the Regent's birth-day, to one of the most crowded auditories that has ever been witnessed in that splendid place of public entertainment.





Morning & Evening Costume for September 1877
Invented by M^{rs} Bell, 52, St. James's Street.

Pub. Sept. 1. 1877. by Davis & Munday, Threadneedle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1817.

THE MORNING DRESS,

Is an open dress of jaconaut muslin, richly ornamented with an embroidered border down the front, and round the skirt; it has a three-quartered top, finishing with two deep frills, of rich needle-work, which forms a cape; the sleeves wide, and tied at the wrist with an azure-blue coloured riband; the sleeve is finished with a trimming of needle-work corresponding with the cape. With this dress, a *fiehu* of cambric is worn. A bonnet, of rich striped sarsnet, trimmed with net, with rouleaus of satin on the top of the crown, and ornamented with a bunch of flowers.

EVENING DRESS.

A BEAUTIFUL blue satin dress, tastefully trimmed in front with rouleaus of satin; the sleeves made very full and short, richly trimmed with blond and satin. The skirt of this dress is ornamented with a deep flounce of blond, and a rich braiding of net and satin. To complete this beautiful dress, is worn a handsome toque of blue satin, richly ornamented with a bow of blue satin riband, and a plume of white feathers. White kid gloves and white satin shoes.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

DRESSES are universally made of white muslin, with very narrow flounces, scalloped at the edges with blue, red, or yellow, and sometimes embroidered with a pattern of vine or palm leaves. The flounces are white, with coloured ribbon run in at the top, *bouilloné*. The border for Morning Dresses is ornamented with three or four tucks. The top of the sleeves have *mancherons*, puffed out enormously. Gowns, of highly glazed cambric, are made with sleeves tight to the arm, worked all over, or trimmed with *bouillonés* of muslin, edged with lace, either carried down the full extent of the sleeve or wound round the arm. For fine muslin gowns, puckered muslin ornaments are preferred to flounces at the border, in medallion, Vandykes, or round puffings. High dresses fall back, with a narrow falling collar; the sleeves come half over the hand; and an ornament of three points cut in bias, with a button at each point, is placed on the shoulder. Black lace scarfs and shawls, of various sizes, are generally worn.

Cornettes, with wreaths of flowers, composed principally of wild poppies and ears of corn, and Persian turbans, of variegated silk, tastefully disposed over the forehead and on one side of the hair, are the prevailing head-dresses. For out-door covering, raw silk-scarfs, tied round the throat, or thrown carelessly over one shoulder, are worn. With a high dress, they are converted into sashes.

The same, and a similar variety in the taste for hats prevails, drawn rather more over the face than they have been; straw hats, lined with rose-colour or canary yellow, decorated with flowers, or a plume of down-feathers; coloured muslin bonnets, with a bunch of the York and Lancaster roses placed on one side; a yellow crape-hat, with trimmings of the same material; very large Leghorn hats, for the promenade, with white ostrich feathers, mixed with ears of corn, &c.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



ABDALLAH;
OR,
THE FATAL GIFT.



A POEM.

(Continued from page 116.)

SCARCE had the silver moon begun to wane
Than winds propitious thro' the watery plain
Impell'd his laden vessels to the shore,
Half sinking with the burthens that they bore.
Not sigh'd a breeze along the rugged strand
But wafted riches to Abdallah's hand,
For him the waves their pearly treasures roll'd,
For him the sterile mountain teem'd with gold,
And many a tale the wondering crews repeat
Of sudden gems that glitter'd at their feet,
Of dazzling diamonds, emulous to shine,
That dropt spontaneous from the hollow mine,
And gaudy silks whose blended colours gay
And matchless texture varied with the day,
Yet every change with every day surpass'd,
And each was brighter, lovelier than the last.

Abdallah's wealth fulfill'd the promise given,
And more than realized the words of heaven;
Impatient now to prove the spell he fear'd,
And first with those whom nature had endear'd,
A splendid banquet sparkled on his board
With rarest meats, and sumptuous viands stor'd,
With all that art or riches could supply
To tempt the palate or amuse the eye,

And brothers, sisters, kindred, friends, were there
In crowded groups the jovial feast to share.
Loud through the echoing halls from every tongue,
On every side, congratulations rung ;
Tumultuous pleasure reign'd without controul,
And laughter circled with the mantling bowl,
While quick libations swallow'd to his name
Extoll'd Abdallah's wealth, Abdallah's fame.
" 'Tis now the moment," thought th' unconscious youth,
" To try my talisman's reported truth ;
Fain would I know of all this gracious host
Who loves me best, and honours me the most."
He turn'd the ring—a dark distressful look
Betray'd the reading of no welcome book ;
In all that host what love might once have been
Was love no more, or else the busy scene
Forbad the presence of so mild a guest,
Or drowsy memory slumber'd in the breast.
If *love* were absent, *honour* might remain—
Alas! not one amid the numerous train
That even honour'd him, his eye could ken,
Not one of all that smil'd upon him then!
He saw but this—the study so to please
That future bounties might companion these ;
Encroaching impudence in painted mask
Her hundred favours plotting how to ask,
With practis'd gestures to confirm the suit,
Meek fawning words, and ready tears to boot ;
A rancorous jealousy, lest aught should fail,
Or one precede another in his tale ;
And pompous pride that panted to proclaim
The close alliance to his house and name.
With joyful pledge they touch'd the goblet's brim—
The joy was for themselves and not for him ;
And e'en the brightest feeling bore a blot,
Obscur'd with envy at his happier lot.
Abdallah paus'd—but rousing from his gloom
Restor'd the flagging riot of the room,
And mingling careless with the festive throng,
Shar'd in the dance, or listen'd to the song,

Till wearied out with toil the guests retire,
The timbrel ceas'd, and hush'd the tuneful lyre ;
Faint died the parting echoes thro' the halls,
And gradual stillness reign'd along the walls.
Dejected then, and musing on his woes,
He sought the silent chamber of repose,
But ere he stretch'd him on his downy bed
Thus to the faithful ruby sighing said—
“ Well has this day of loud discordant mirth
Evinc'd thy wonders, and approv'd thy worth :
I thank thee as a friend whose honest zeal
Has shown me that a traitor would conceal ;
And since my foolish heart is thus deceiv'd,
These idle babblers are no more believ'd ;
Henceforth I'll shun them as a breathing vice,
And rate my kindred at their proper price.
'Tis strange—but wherefore magnify the ill ?
Celestial comfort hovers round me still :
Soon as to-morrow's sun salutes the sky
To Leila's arms, to Leila's bower I'll fly ;
Her purer love shall more than all repay
The light affections I have lost to-day.”

The ruddy morning with her golden beams
Has wak'd Abdallah from disastrous dreams,
And gladly greeting the resplendent hour
He rush'd impatient to his Leila's bower.
There, as he wander'd thro' the murmuring grove,
Thro' many a winding walk, and green alcove,
Lovely as heaven, along the dewy shade
With rosy cheek he met the timid maid—
She whom his soul ador'd, his destin'd bride,
Perfection's self, was blushing at his side !
With gentle kiss and salutation sweet
He led her onward to a neighbouring seat ;
And while the sportive birds with merry sound
Sang in their ears, and music warbled round,
His arm reclining on her neck of snow,
And playing with the beads that hung below,
He told her all his wealth, and counted o'er
Each single treasure of his mighty store.

Amaz'd she heard—incredulous surprise
Liv'd in her looks, and glisten'd in her eyes;
Her coral lips, half-open'd, seem'd to drink
His very words—and yet she could not think
His tale was false—a sober something spoke
In every tone, too serious for a joke—
Short came her breath—her cheek's disorder'd hue
Now like the rose, and now the lily, grew—
What varied lines in rapid turn you trace,
What fleeting shades are mantling on her face,
That scarcely seen in dim confusion die
Like the thin clouds upon a summer sky—
'Twas rapture then—'tis deep reflection now—
And mark that vacant lifting of the brow!
Lost in fantastic visions of the brain
She wanders wild—Abdallah talks in vain—
She looks upon him with enquiring stare,
But sees him not, nor knows that he is there,
Nor hears his voice—the story too is done,
And yet she's gazing as 'twere just begun—
“Aye! this is love, if love on earth may dwell!”
He said—and tried once more the magic spell.
But whence that horror—whence that sudden start
As death's cold hand were freezing on his heart?
Can she, bright image of all good below,
Can Leila's self be false—'tis even so!
And thus she dreams, unconscious that he knew
And watch'd her every purpose as it grew.—
Abdallah's wife, she shares with equal claim
His home, his wealth, his titles, and his fame,
And while, tho' panting to possess the field,
'Tis yet the safer policy to yield,
She stoops submissive to his lordly will,
And keeps the gentleness of woman still.
That moment gone, herself usurps the rule,
And proudly tramples on her doating fool;
He chides in vain—the tender farce is o'er,
Wedlock secures, and love survives no more.
For others now she practises alone
The witching smiles that once were all his own,

And sunk in folly, reckless but to tower
Unmatch'd, unrivall'd, in her pomp and power,
By squander'd heaps her boasted wealth displays,
That vulgar fools may envy as they gaze.
How lost in wonder stand the gaping throng
As rolls her splendid equipage along!
Where'er she moves what echoing praises pour!
All eyes pursue her, and all hearts adore;
Till lo! the Caliph, as he chanc'd to ride
Beheld her beauty, and beholding sigh'd.
A ready page, with protestation dear,
Conveys the welcome tidings to her ear;
Impatient rapture kindles in her breast—
What, win the Caliph!—nay then she was blest;—
And sure when monarchs stoop to woman's chain
Such mighty lovers should not plead in vain!—
But when or where? Abdallah lives to see,
Lives to revenge, and that must never be—
The scheme is plann'd—a sumptuous feast she gave,
And bade the Caliph, by a trusty slave,
If yet his love so much could condescend,
To grace the banquet as a private friend.
He came incognito—the busy sound
Of revelry and riot echoed round;
Music, and song, and merry dance between
Provoke to joy, and animate the scene;
With purple draughts the silver chalice glow'd,
And clamour heighten'd as the nectar flow'd,
Till wearied with their sport, or drunk with wine
In nodding groups the languid guests recline.
'Twas even then, as like a courteous host,
Abdallah rose to pledge the farewell toast,
Ere yet his hand had rais'd the goblet up
She pour'd a poisonous liquid in his cup—
Behold, he drinks!—and while the fumes of death
Convulse his frame and stagnate on his breath,
She steals away, and with disorder'd charms
Consenting slumbers in the Caliph's arms.—
“Perfidious wretch!” the frantic lover cried,
But instant strove th' unwary pang to hide;

'Twas all too late—the reverie was broke,
And Leila, trembling, starting as he spoke,
Clung round his neck, and weeping begg'd to know
The sudden cause of such distracted woe—
“Leila, I am not well—an idle thought
Troubled my brain—believe me, it was nought—
But I must hence—to-morrow—let me see—
Yes, yes—to-morrow I'll revisit thee.”
He ceas'd, and musing for a moment wild
Look'd in her face, and as he darkly smil'd
Mutter'd some horrid curse she could not hear;
Then stamp'd his foot, and like a stricken deer
Rush'd thro' the bowery grove, nor as he fled
Once wav'd his hand to her, nor turn'd his head.

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

Ah! would to heaven that I were fit to die,
And so might early rest me in the tomb,
And heave no more the melancholy sigh,
Nor pondering thus upon my hapless doom
Now start with fear, and now with cold despair
Turn sickening from my thoughts—the dreams are fled
That solac'd me—the hopes that flatter'd fair
Are wither'd too—and, like a captive led,
My soul is bound beneath her native height,
And hath not space to breathe—wrongs I have met,
And wrongly I have done; and small delight
Hath been my portion here—and smaller yet
From day to day—and therefore would I crave
From sorrow, and from sin, an early grave.

STANZAS.

By J. M. LACEY.

GIVE me the maid whose finish'd form
Is true to Nature's unspoil'd grace;
Whose fond affections brightly warm
The artless beauties of her face.

Give me the maid whose ev'ry sigh
Breathes pity, gentleness, and love ;
Whose virtuous soul illumines her eye
With lustre caught from spheres above.

Give me the maid whose heart hath zeal
To bid the pangs of sorrow cease ;
Whose graceful words alike reveal
Her bosom's purity and peace.

Give me the maid!—and life's best bliss
Will crown that virtuous woman's smile,
Will hang upon her melting kiss,
And sooth away each thought of guile !

THE VIOLET.

THE lengthen'd sand, the desert tract of life,
Which bears no landmark but a drear old age,
No waters but the troubled stream of strife
To cheer us on our weary pilgrimage,
And passion's fev'rish calenture assuage ;
Ah ! who can look on this, and bless the day
Which bade him in these scenes of woe engage !
No, rather let him early steal away,
And stop his course ere yet he falls, misfortune's prey !

And yet there are some thinly scatter'd flowers,
Which bud and blossom in this tainted air ;
Nurs'd by the milder gales and softer showers,
The violet rears her maiden honours there,
Far from the haunts to which rude steps repair.
Sweet flower ! I love thy modest secrecy,
And ever in my garland thee will bear ;
Still unregarded by the idler lie,
But still thy charms reveal to one adoring eye !

Oh ! let me find thy rich and purpled flower
There where thou liest, in some sequester'd vale ;
And I will shield thee from the wintry hour,
And bare thee to my garden's quiet pale,
And hide thy buds where no rude storms assail ;

Then round the moss-grown stone I'll bid thee twine,
 Teach thee, at nightfall clos'd, the sun to hail,
 And watch thy silent growth with careful eyne:
 Oh! come to me, sweet flower, and let me call thee mine!

ANON.

EVENING.—A FRAGMENT.

“ O speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart,
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet.”——

Now Nature's hush'd—and not a breeze,
 Nor murmur whispers in the trees.
 'Tis stillness all—the golden grain
 One level seems across the plain,
 The lark has ceas'd his latest song,
 And, cow'ring, creeps the grass among,
 While scarce a note attunes the gale,
 Save in the dim discover'd vale
 Lone Philomela breathes her tale,
 To sooth the minstrel's bosom-throes,
 Who greets this hour of calm repose,
 When melancholy loves to stray,
 “ To hear of heav'n, and learn the way,”
 And virtue, of transcendent birth,
 Makes solitude her home on earth!
 From tow'ring elms, the cawing rook
 Reflects its shadow in the brook;
 The gazing sheep together dwell
 In order by the tinkling bell;
 The hind whose labour now is o'er
 Hies wearily across the moor;
 With scythe upon his shoulder laid,
 The joyful tenant of the shade,

At distance, resting on the style,
Looks on his cot with tender smile,
Where prattling infants all his care,
Envious wait the kiss to share!
And now, those fond endearments past,
The cheerful supper clos'd at last,
The pious prayer devoutly said,
He sleeps upon his tranquil bed,
'Till bright Aurora streaks the dawn,
That wakes him to another morn.

6th August, 1817.

HATT.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF
HORACE'S 10th ODE, 2nd BOOK.

MY friend, prefer the middle state,
Between the little and the great,
Nor venture out with heart elate

Too far to sea:

Nor when the storms to madness roar
Approach too close th' uneven shore,
Nor frightened be.

Whoever loves the golden mean
Is prudent, and will ne'er I ween
Within a sordid cell be seen,

Or princely roof:

Where envy might perplex his breast,
Or care intrude upon his rest,
He keeps aloof.

For oftener when the wild winds blow,
The lofty towers are scatter'd low,
Hot lightnings strike the mountain's brow,
And haughty pine;

But he whose mind is firm and great
Will stand prepar'd for every fate
The gods design.

In prosperous days his heart will fear;
Hope, in adversity, will cheer—
Jove bids the horrid cold appear,
And bids it fly:





Miss Linwood.

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